

# IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD

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WILLIAM G. HAMMOND.

**W**ILLIAM GARDINER HAMMOND was born at Newport, Rhode Island, May 3rd, 1829, graduated, A. B., from Amherst, 1849 (President Seeley was a class-mate), and A. M., 1852.

After study in the office of a practitioner in New York City, he was admitted to the bar and entered into partnership with his preceptor. This brought him into connection with an extensive business and the ill health of his partner threw the responsibility of it largely upon him.

After some years his health failed and he traveled in Europe and on returning came to Iowa, 1863, engaging in the practice of law for a time at Anamosa.

Whilst at Anamosa he was married (May 3rd, 1866) to Miss Juliet Roberts, who, with their daughter, their only child, survives him.

In 1867 he removed to Des Moines, intending to engage in practice but became connected with the Iowa Law School and when the School was brought to Iowa City, as the Law Department of the State University of Iowa, he came with it and was made the head of the School (the title of Chancellor being conferred in 1870). For several years he was the only resident professor of law in the Department, the other instructors being lecturers.

In 1881 he resigned his position in the State University of

Iowa and accepted the position of Dean of the St. Louis Law School, the Law Department of the Washington University, which he filled until the date of his death, April 12, 1894.

While at Anamosa, he made a digest of the decisions of the Supreme Court of Iowa.

While at Iowa City, he published (1876) an edition of Sander's Justinian, and (1880) an edition of Lieber's Hermeneutics.

In 1890 he published his edition of Blackstone's Commentaries.

From 1889 to his death he was at the head of the Committee on Legal Education of the American Bar Association, and the elaborate reports of that committee found in the proceedings of the Association for 1890, 1891 and 1892, were in the main his work.

His lectures on the History of the Common Law were commenced while he was at Des Moines and elaborated at Iowa City. While he was at St. Louis, they were still further extended to thirty in number, and were delivered at the Boston Law School, at the Michigan University Law School and at Iowa City, as well as at St. Louis. The last time that any of them were delivered was at Iowa City, in January of this year. He had such familiarity with the subject, such thorough command of his faculties and such ready use of the choicest and most fitting language, that, although he was weak and his throat was sore so that he spoke with great difficulty, he delivered five lectures on this last occasion, composed of matter selected from the whole series, without having before him any manuscript whatever, yet in such perfect form that they might well have been printed just as he uttered them.

Dr. Hammond's connection with the State University is sketched by Mrs. Emma Haddock, as follows:

A year after the organization of the Iowa Law School in Des Moines, he was called there as a member of its Faculty.

In June, 1868, the Board of Regents passed resolutions establishing a Law Department in the University. At a special meeting of the Board in



September some changes were made in the organization of the department by incorporating with the Law Department, the Iowa Law School, which had for three years been in operation in Des Moines. The Faculty of the Iowa Law School became, by action of the Board, the Faculty of the Law Department of the University. Wm. G. Hammond was made Principal of the Department and University Professor of Law.

He moved here with his family and entered immediately upon his duties. Under his careful management the department grew and prospered. In June, 1870, the title of Chancellor was conferred upon him by the Board. For thirteen years he stood at the head of the department, and to his known ability, his untiring energy, and special adaptability to the work, is due the surprising growth and development of the department. In his letter of resignation to the Board, written February 22, 1881, he said: "It gives me great pleasure to be able to say with entire sincerity that in my judgment the Law Department was never more prosperous and its future prospects never brighter than now. At no time in all the fifteen years of my connection with the school has there been a stronger or more efficient Faculty than that which I leave behind me."

His resignation was accepted with reluctance and regret. In the complimentary resolutions placed upon record at the time is the following tribute: "The earnest devotion of the Chancellor to his work, his broad and generous scholarship, his spotless integrity of character, his unchanging loyalty to the general good of the University, and his personal interest in the welfare and success of his pupils have contributed so largely to the upbuilding of the Law Department that he may feel justly proud of the reputation the Department now holds in this and in other states."

In June, 1890, Chancellor Hammond delivered the University address at Commencement and was that year elected to deliver special lectures in the Law Department on the History of the Common Law, and in that way he has been connected with the Law Faculty here ever since. He gave his last lectures here at the opening of the present year. Now his labors are closed. Only with death ceased his interest in, and love for the Iowa Law School. His loss will be sorely felt by all his old students, between whom and himself there existed the warmest friendship. It will be felt in the profession who have learned to know him through his writings. It will be felt in the world of letters in that an author and man of eminent scholarship is no more. It will be felt by all who knew him in that so much that was good and true in him goes from us in his death.

Dr. Hammond was of average height and of slender form. He would impress a stranger as being a man whose sedentary life had enfeebled his constitution. For the few years of the writer's personal acquaintance with him, he suffered at times from serious illness, and was reduced in strength, but rarely was he absent from the class room.

In his bearing he was courtly and would attract attention as no ordinary man. He was a "gentleman of the old school" winning regard and at the same time keeping his acquaintances somewhat aloof.

To a mother of queenly presence and of gracious manners he was without doubt indebted for his dignity of address which gave one the impression of reserve almost of coldness. It was not in his nature to secure many *intimate* friends. Few, if any, could be on terms of familiarity with him upon the plane of ordinary social life. No one could meet him, however, in conversation upon themes which absorbed his attention without finding him genial and approachable in the highest degree. In conversation he displayed a charming personality nor did his readiness to interest and to instruct impress one unfavorably even when he took the larger share in the colloquy as he would do unconsciously while aglow with his subject. Here, too, he inherited from his mother ease and grace in expression. To his mother he was a loyal devotee and those who prized her companionship, or who showed her any attention were admitted to the inner circle of his friendship.

His high toned social nature endeared him to men of refinement, while to men whose chief delight is in frivolous conversation and idle jesting he was a perfect stranger from choice — and a constant reproof where choice was not permitted him.

In approaching a stranger he studied the attitude of the person toward himself somewhat critically before he bestowed confidence. He was sensitive to the manner in which he was met by those with whom he came in daily contact, and always responded pleasantly to greetings which betokened esteem. Any lack of courtesy he could not easily forget, even though it were unintentional.

Dr. Hammond was no exception to the class of men who possess a highly sensitive temperament. He had a pride in the place he occupied and would not deprive it of the highest



title obtaining in the best institutions of the land. The title Chancellor was therefore conferred by his own choice and in response to his own wish. It was farthest from his thought that place could confer honor upon himself, but he rejoiced in the opportunity which place gave him to confer dignity upon it. In this he was an ambitious man but his ambition was of the nobler sort. His ambition to elevate his office and then to make himself worthy the place he filled ruled his every thought.

Details seemed to have no fascination for him. It is easy to find in this a reason for his abandonment of the practice of the law as soon as the opportunity presented itself to become a teacher of the law. Here he found full scope for his philosophic turn of mind.

To the study of the history of the Common Law he devoted himself with increasing interest until the day of his death. By devotion to this one branch of legal study he became "*facile princeps*" and is recognized as an authority without a superior in the United States.

Dr. Hammond's acquaintance with history was extensive. It was not superficial, confined to the memorizing of dates and events. He saw in surface indications a ferment in the mass to the analysis of which he gave his most earnest thought. Each element was then traced through its development in racial or individual characteristics to its genesis in conditions outside of human control.

Dr. Hammond delivered June 17, 1890, the Commencement oration before the graduates of the Law and Collegiate Departments of the State University of Iowa. His subject was "Public Education." He begins with a scholarly contrast between ancient and modern civilizations through which his scientific treatment of history is prominent. He then proceeds as follows:

It is only in this carefully guarded manner that I venture to state the two propositions to which at last I ask your attention as the end and purpose of all I have to say:

First, that the peculiar feature of modern civilization which I have tried to point out,—the mutual control of the fellow members of society over each other's conduct, for the welfare and happiness of all, by law in the form of reciprocal rights and duties,—is the result, in large measure—perhaps we may even say in the largest measure—of another factor of modern civilization, *i. e.*, *public education*.

And second, that public education unknown to the ancient world, began with, has always been rooted in, and must live or die, flourish or decline with the *University*.

He sees advance possible under modern conditions and warns his hearers against slavish adherence to the past in the following pertinent illustration:

The great merits of State provision for the education of its citizens is that it can never fall into the clutches of private interests, or be made subservient to the prejudices of a past age. With every new generation the power that controls it must be renewed. There may be those who regard it as a benefit to our older colleges that they are anchored fast to the creeds or the political principles of the 16th, the 17th, or the 18th century. I do not wish to discuss the question whether these were better or worse than those of the 19th. My position is that in either case this anchoring is a mistake. All educational institutions are only means for bringing the new generation to a point where they may be of most service to their own contemporaries. To serve that end, they must go forward with the great stream of History. The boat locked to the shore may be in a better or worse place than that to which the stream would carry it. In either case it cannot serve the purpose of him who would, him who must, by the law of his being advance with the stream.

In all matters pertaining to history he took a deep interest, and for many years he served without compensation as President of the State Historical Society of Iowa.

Nearly one thousand volumes of newspaper files were rescued during his presidency from a large collection of papers carelessly kept in the basement of the building occupied by the Society, and after binding were placed in cases easy of access. These files are of incalculable value to the State collection, some of them being the only complete files in existence. Dr. Hammond's life work was begun in Iowa and the Law Department of the State University of Iowa is an enduring monument to his worth.

It gives the writer pleasure to include in this sketch the following estimate of Dr. Hammond prepared by his long



time associate and his successor in the Chancellorship — Hon. L. W. Ross:

1. My acquaintance with Chancellor Hammond began in 1868 when the Iowa Law School and its Faculty were merged in the Law Department of the University. He was made Dean of the Law Faculty, but his title was subsequently, at his own request, changed to that of "Chancellor of the Law Department." To him, the State and the friends of the Department are largely indebted for the first thirteen years' development of the work. He had the confidence of the Trustees and Regents, and had white paper to write on.

2. Chancellor Hammond was a man of marked personality. His type was that of a gentleman of former times — English, rather than American. His manners were very gracious. His mother was gracious, and the son, in this respect, was like her. And yet, I doubt if any one ever succeeded in getting near to him in reality. He seemed near, and yet was really far away. He disciplined his students, but their following was as much due to what he seemed to be, as to what he really was, and as to the instruction imparted by him. He was, doubtless, the foremost legal scholar in the West. He was rich in the "History of the Law," and yet he scarcely seemed in touch with the jurisprudence of our times. Still, his students and many learned men, believed in him, and cheerfully conceded that he was fuller than any of his cotemporaries. He was a charming conversationalist, did most of the talking, was always engaging, and often helpful by way of suggestion. Herein his personality was most noticeable.

3. Chancellor Hammond was a good judge of human nature, and of human work. He was on fair terms with his associates. At the same time, in discussing their merits with others, as he was wont to do at times, his personal views were freely expressed. His chief concern during his thirteen years of labor as head of the Department, was to perpetuate its life and usefulness. And on his visits subsequently, he gave many tokens of continued affection.

4. Chancellor Hammond had a great deal of material collected for use in writing a book, which for convenience he denominated a "History of the Law." Out of this material, and with his ability, a book, valuable to the profession, the country, and the times, might have been written. I think it was his purpose, of years' duration, to write the book. My hope is that he may have left it in manuscript.

The work to which Chancellor Ross refers is without doubt in manuscript in the form of lectures, which he has given at the State University of Iowa for four years past — the last occasion but a few months before his death.

Dr. Hammond's linguistic attainments were of a high order. He readily translated into terse English matter which inter-

ested him in the writings of Latin, Greek, French, German and Spanish authors. His command of English was perfect. In conversation and in *extempore* address he seemed never at a loss for *the* word best expressing the thought he had in mind. To exactness in speech and in writing he had schooled himself. He was never a rapid writer because of his purpose to produce a finished article. His epistolary correspondence was for the same reason infrequent. In his pursuit of knowledge he gained many valued correspondents both at home and abroad. His chirography was as clear as his thought, and the last word of a friendly letter was as faultlessly formed as the first.

Dr. Hammond as a teacher and inspirer of youth was at his best. His influence is universally conceded by those who were fortunate enough to be under his instruction. The sentiment of all is expressed in a few extracts taken from letters. An appreciative letter was written to the *Iowa Capital*, published at Des Moines, by Hon. E. P. Seeds, of the Supreme Bench of New Mexico, in which he says:

"Chancellor Hammond impressed his personality upon the school directly in his administration of its affairs and in his lectures upon various topics of the law—and indirectly by the interest which he aroused in the students for the philosophy of law in contradistinction to its practical application. He was not a practical lawyer, but he was far from being a mere theorist. He possessed in a high degree the genius for thorough teaching, for such character of instruction as brought out the best in the student. Those students who listened to and apprehended his lectures upon the Common Law, must, in after life, in the practice of their profession, have felt the inspiration then given to work laboriously, not for that which floats upon the surface of the law, but for those underlying principles which, in the long run, justify to the world the power and righteousness of positive law. I think that it is not too high praise to say that the Iowa Law School, when he was at the head of it, was Dr. Hammond. Such a character ought not to be forgotten by the State which he has honored, and I, therefore, suggest that the Regents of the University take some practical steps to found a permanent memorial to his honor in the school."

Hon. W. W. Baldwin, of Burlington, writes:

"Dr. Hammond was a man I sincerely loved and for whom I had the very highest respect. His portrait has been for years on the wall of my office, where I see it every day. His life was devoted to a noble work in a noble way."



J. L. Carney, of Marshalltown, writes:

"Dr. Hammond was one of the finest gentlemen I ever knew, highly respected and beloved by me as by his pupils generally. I always remember him with a very great deal of pleasure."

A writer in the *Green Bag* published in Boston, says:

"Dr. Hammond was one of the leaders in legal education in the United States from the time of his taking charge of the Law Department of the University of the State of Iowa until his death. His labors in connection with the committee on legal education in the American Bar Association, are well known to law educators.

His lectures on the history of the Common Law, about thirty in number, were planned and to some extent written while he was serving as Chancellor of the Law Department of the State University of Iowa. He was pre-eminently the authority in this country on that subject, and his lectures if published would be of the highest and most permanent value. His loss will be sorely felt by all his old students, between whom and himself there existed the warmest friendship. It will be felt in the profession who have learned to know him through his writings. It will be felt in the world of letters in that the author and man of eminent scholarship is no more."

The following tribute is from the man more intimately acquainted with Dr. Hammond than any other man in Iowa. Judge Wright was his associate in the Law Department of the State University, from its organization until his removal to St. Louis:

DES MOINES, IOWA, May 29, 1894.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:—You ask a brief estimate of my long time and esteemed friend, Chancellor William G. Hammond.

I knew him as a lawyer before and after his connection with the law school. In 1865, Judge Cole and myself, as you know, started a school at Des Moines, which, in 1868, was transferred to the State University, and which was indeed the beginning of the present very successful Law Department. By reason of our judicial engagements we looked for someone who could give his time almost exclusively to the work of instruction, and prevailed upon the after Chancellor, who was just then about to settle in Des Moines, to take the place. After that and until 1881—when he severed his connection with the Department—I knew him quite intimately, and came to appreciate more and more his almost unequalled aptitude as a lecturer and teacher.

The Chancellor was a student of the law. As a practitioner in the struggles incident to the trial table in our nisi prius courts he never would have had marked success. In argument on legal propositions, however, in the highest courts he would and did always command respect. For he was a profound thinker, a most ready and entertaining writer, and as a talker

either before the court, law class, or as a lecturer upon the law, and especially its history and science,—the most interesting. He thought, however better behind his pen than on his feet,—before the highest courts, than a jury. Timid and distrustful of himself, he needed, for appreciation, in his own estimate, the learned and attentive tribunal rather than a mixed audience, or, if I may so speak, the “rough and tumble” contest of a trial in the average western court.

As a teacher and lecturer he was equalled by few. This grew out of his thorough prior preparation, his continued careful study of the law—its philosophy and history—as well as his love of the work, and his devotion to young men, and a constant desire to start and train them for the profession of his choice,—a profession which he regarded as intimately connected with the upbuilding and safety of the State and Nation.

He was as guileless as he was learned. Of the arts and machinations of the outside world, he knew but little. A good law book had more charms for him than a good bargain. He thought more of books and of mastering the great work before him than of money. I don't think he was a money getter or a money saver; but he was a devoted husband and father, loved his country, his home and his chosen work, was an honest and true man, an able lawyer and successful teacher; and his loss to the State and our institutions no one can estimate. It is eminently due to his memory, therefore, that the proposed “bronze bust” should be procured by the graduates of the school and placed in its library as soon as possible.

Yours most respectfully,

GEO. G. WRIGHT.

## THE MONITOR AND THE MERRIMAC.

MRS. ISADORE BAKER.

**T**HE triumph of the Merrimac 'twas known on land and sea,  
And the forces of the Union held in balance tremblingly,  
For our naval guard of honor, the Cumberland so brave,  
Had been wrecked in open combat and lost beneath the wave:  
While the martyr frigate Congress reddened wide the lurid night,  
With the flame of blood and conquest, the victory of might.

The St. Lawrence, Minnesota and Roanoke, aground,  
The Merrimac fast anchored by Craney Island sound,  
In harbor, waiting warily, impatiently, the fray;  
No hope but in God's mercy for the Union troops at day.



But athwart the midnight blackness there gleams a steadfast star;  
 'Tis the battery of rescue, the Monitor afar;  
 'Tis the cheese-box on the raft, that the rebels laughed to scorn,  
 It, too, is waiting, warily, impatiently, the morn.

Dawned that cloudless Sunday morning in majesty serene,  
 Around, the heaven of nature smiled upon the glowing scene,  
 But the hearts of men were anguished for the conflict, Southern-won,  
 By the taking of this fortress, were a gate to Washington!

At nine o'clock, the Merrimac, with consorts moving slow,  
 Opened with iron broadsides the siege of Fort Monroe.  
 'Twere but sport these wooden gun-boats—how the splinters fly abaft!—  
 From the dauntless Minnesota, quick disabled, fore and aft.

But the iron turret answers deep as roar of rending rock,  
 And the vaunted Gibraltar reels, recoils, beneath the shock.  
 Can it be that Yankee cheese-box is a demon in disguise,  
 With those cursed guns whose echo seems to vault the very skies?

Never Greek hurled Greek in contest more Olympiac defiance:  
 'Twas a test of skill and valor and the mastery of science.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hours raged that mighty duel—lurid duel by the sea,  
 And the Union cause no longer held in balance tremblingly,

For the haughty wounded Merrimac, sore-smitten by defeat,  
 Bore away across the waters with her signal of retreat;  
 And 'tis well that song and story should embalm this victory,  
 For the record of their glory is immortal history.

## THE EASTERN BORDER OF IOWA IN 1805 6.

BY REV. WILLIAM SALTER, D.D., BURLINGTON, IOWA.

**N**EBULON MONTGOMERY PIKE, the first to conduct an expedition up the Mississippi river to its sources by order of the Government of the United States, was a native of Trenton, New Jersey, where he was born January 5th, 1779. His father served in the army of the Revolution, and was Captain of U. S. Infantry in 1792, and was promoted to the rank of Major in 1800. At the age of twenty

the son received a commission as an ensign, and at the age of twenty-one he was promoted to be 1st Lieutenant U. S. Infantry. At the age of twenty-six he was designated by General James Wilkinson, then commanding at St. Louis, to conduct an expedition to the sources of the Mississippi, under instructions "to take the course of the river, calculate distances by time, note rivers, highlands, islands, rapids, mines, quarries, timber, Indian villages, with reflections on the winds and weather, to conciliate the Indians and attach them to the United States, to ascertain the population and residence of the several Indian nations, and the quantity and species of skins and furs they barter per annum, and their relative price to goods, the tracts of country on which they make their hunts and the people with whom they trade, and to examine strictly for an intermediate point between St. Louis and Prairie du Chien, suitable for a military post, and also on the Wisconsin near its mouth for a similar establishment."

Lieutenant Pike sailed from St. Louis on this expedition on the 9th August, 1805, with Serjeant Henry Kennerman, Corporals William E. Meek and Samuel Bradley, and seventeen privates, in a keel boat seventy feet long, provisioned for four months. After a series of rainy weather for the first six days, which damaged all their biscuit, and getting fast twice on sawyers or sunken trees, which compelled them partially to unload, and at another time staving in a plank on a sawyer which nearly sunk the boat, they reached the mouth of Des Moines river on the 20th of August, at an estimated distance of 243 miles from St. Louis. The following extracts are from Lieutenant Pike's journal, and from his letters to General Wilkinson, which were published in Philadelphia, 1810.

*Tuesday, August 20, 1805.*—Arrived at the foot of the Rapids De Moyer at 7 o'clock; and, although no soul on board had passed them, we commenced ascending them immediately. Our boat being large and moderately loaded, we found great difficulty. The river all the way through is from  $\frac{3}{4}$  to a mile wide. The rapids are eleven miles long, with successive ridges and shoals extending from shore to shore. The first has the greatest fall, and is the most difficult to ascend. The channel (a bad one) is on the



east side in passing the two first bars, then passes under the edge of the third, crosses to the west, and ascends on that side all the way to the Sac village. The shoals continue the whole distance. We had passed the first and most difficult shoal when we were met by Mr. William Ewing (an agent appointed to reside with the Sacs, to teach them agriculture, under the instructions of P. Choteau, at a salary of five hundred dollars per annum) with a French interpreter, four chiefs and fifteen men of the Sac nation in their canoes, bearing a flag of the U. S. They came down to assist me up the rapids, and took out thirteen of my heaviest barrels, and put two of their men in the barge to pilot us up. Louis Tisson, the interpreter, had calculated on going with me as my interpreter, and appeared much disappointed when I told him I had no instructions to that effect; he said he had promised to discover mines which no person knew but himself; but, as I conceive him much of a hypocrite, and possessing great gasconism, I am happy he was not chosen for my voyage.

Arrived at the house of Mr. Ewing, opposite the village, at dusk. The land on both sides of the rapids is hilly, but a rich soil. Distance, sixteen miles.

*Aug. 21st.*—All the chief men of the village, which consists of 13 lodges, came over to my encampment; I spoke to them to the following purport: "That their great father, the President of the U. S., wishing to be more intimately acquainted with the situation and wants of the different nations of red people in our newly acquired territory of Louisiana, had ordered the General (Wilkinson) to send a number of his young warriors in different directions, to take them by the hand, and make enquiries; that I was authorized to choose situations for their trading establishments, and wished to be informed if that place would be considered by them as central; that I was sorry to hear of the murder which had been committed on the river below; and that in their treaty (made at St. Louis with William Henry Harrison, Governor of Indiana Territory and of the District of Louisiana, Nov. 3, 1804), they engaged to apprehend all traders who came amongst them without license."

I then presented them with some tobacco, knives, and whiskey. They said that their young warriors and the whole nation was glad to see me amongst them; they ascribed the killing of the two men on the river below to the Kickapoos, and expressed great regret at it; being but a part of the nation, they could not determine as to the situation of the trading houses, but thought this place central for the Sacs, Reynards, Iowas of the De Moyen, Sioux from the head of said river, and Puants (Winnebagos) of the riviere De Roche; and finally, they thanked me for my tobacco, knives, and whiskey. I embarked and made six miles above the village. Encamped on a sand bar. One canoe of savages passed.

*August 22d.*—Embarked at 5 a.m.; hard head-winds; passed a great number of islands; the river very wide and full of sand bars. Distance, 23 miles.

*August 23d.*—Cool morning; came on  $5\frac{1}{4}$  miles, where on the west shore there is a very handsome situation for a garrison. The channel of the river passes under the hill, which is about 60 feet perpendicular, and

level on the top. Four hundred yards in the rear there is a small prairie of 8 or ten acres, which would be a convenient spot for gardens; and on the east side of the river a beautiful prospect over a large prairie; to crown all, immediately under the hill is a limestone spring, sufficient for the consumption of a regiment. The landing is bold and safe, and at the lower part of the hill a road may be made for a team in half an hour. Black and white oak timber in abundance. The mountain continues about two miles, and has five springs bursting from it in that distance (Site of the city of Burlington.—After reaching Prairie du Chien, Lt. Pike wrote to Gen. Wilkinson of "this place as the best to answer his instructions relative to the intermediate post between Prairie du Chien and St. Louis. It is on the hill about 40 miles above the river de Moyer rapids on the west side of the river, in about  $41^{\circ} 2'$  north latitude").

Met four Indians and two squaws; landed with them: gave them one quart of *made* whiskey, a few biscuit, and some salt. I requested some venison of them; they pretended they could not understand me, but after we left them they held up two hams, and halloed and laughed at us in derision. Passed nine horses on shore, and saw many signs of Indians. Passed a handsome prairie on the east side, and encamped at its head. Three batteaux from Michilimackinac stopped at our camp; the property, we were told, of Mr. Myers Michals. We were also informed that the largest Sac village was about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles out on the prairie, and that this prairie was called half-way to the prairie Des Chiens from St. Louis.

*August 24th.*—Passed a number of islands. Before dinner, Corporal Bradley and myself took our guns and went on shore; we got behind a savannah, following a stream we conceived a branch of the river, but which led us at least two leagues from it. My two dogs gave out on the prairie, owing to the heat, high grass, and want of water; thinking they would come on, we continued our march. We heard the report of a gun, and supposing it to be from our boat answered it; shortly after we passed an Indian trail which appeared as if the persons had been hurried, I presume at the report of our guns; for with this people all strangers are enemies. Shortly after we struck the river, and the boat appeared in view; two of my men volunteered to go in search of my dogs. Encamped on the west shore, nearly opposite to a chalk bank. My two men returned not, and it was extraordinary, as they knew my boat never waited for any person on shore. We fired a blunderbuss at three different times, to let them know where we lay. Distance  $23\frac{1}{2}$  miles.

*Sunday, August 25th.*—Stopt on the sand bank prairie on the east side, from which you have a beautiful prospect down the river. Our boat leaked very fast, but we secured her inside with oakum and tallow as nearly to prevent the leak. Fired a blunderbuss all day, as signals for our men. Passed the river Iowa. Encamped at night on the prairie marked Grant's prairie. Distance 28 miles. About ten miles up the Iowa river on its right bank is a village of the Iowas.

*August 26th.*—Rain, with a very hard head-wind. Towed our boat about nine miles to where the river Hills (?) joins the Mississippi. Here I



expected to find the two men I had lost, but was disappointed. The mercury in Reaumer at  $13^{\circ}$ ; yesterday,  $26^{\circ}$ . Met two pirogues full of Indians, who beckoned us to put to shore, but we continued our course. This day very severe on the men. Distance  $28\frac{1}{2}$  miles; beautiful prairies on the west generally, in some places very rich land, with black walnut and hickory timber.

*August 27th.*—Embarked early; cold north wind, mercury  $10^{\circ}$ , wind hard ahead, obliged to tow the boat all day. Passed one pirogue of Indians, also the Riviere De Roche late in the day. Some Indians, who were encamped there, embarked in their canoes and ascended the river before us. Encamped about four miles above the Riviere De Roche, on the west shore (site of the City of Davenport). This day passed a pole on a prairie, on which five dogs were hanging. Distance 22 miles.

*August 28th.*—About an hour after we had embarked, we arrived at the camp of Mr. James Aird, a Scotch gentleman of Michilimackinac. He had encamped with some goods on the beach, and was repairing his boat which had been injured in crossing the rapids, at the foot of which we now were. He had sent three boats back for the goods left behind. Breakfasted with him and obtained considerable information. Commenced ascending the rapids; carried away our rudder in the first; after getting it repaired, the wind raised, and we hoisted sail; although entire strangers, we sailed through them with a perfect gale blowing all the time; had we struck a rock, in all probability we would have bilged and sunk. We were so fortunate as to pass without touching. Met Mr. Aird's boats, which had pilots, fast on the rocks. Those shoals are a continued chain of rocks extending in some places from shore to shore, about 18 miles in length. They afford more water than those of De Moyen, but are much more rapid.

*August 29th.*—Breakfasted at the Reynard village above the rapids; this is the first village of the Reynards. I expected to have found my two men here, but was disappointed. The chief informed me by signs that they could march to Prairie Des Chien in four days, and promised to furnish them with moccasins, and put them on their rout. Set sail at 4 p. m., and made at least four knots an hour; was disposed to sail all night, but the wind lulling we encamped on the point of an island on the west shore. Distance 20 miles.

*August 30th.*—Embarked at 5 o'clock; wind fair, not very high; sailed all day; passed four pirogues of Indians. Distance 43 miles.

*August 31st.*—Embarked early; passed one pirogue of Indians; also, two encampments; one on a beautiful eminence, on the west side of the river. This place had the appearance of an old town (site of Bellevue, Jackson Co.). Sailed almost all day. Distance  $31\frac{1}{2}$  miles.

*Sunday, Sept. 1st.*—Embarked early; wind fair; arrived at the lead-mines at 12 o'clock. We were saluted with a field piece, and received with every mark of attention, by Monsieur Dubuque, the proprietor. There were no horses at the house, and it was six miles to where the mines were worked; it was impossible to make a report by actual inspection. I therefore proposed ten queries. The answers seem to carry with them a semblance of

equivocation. He said as to the date of the grant of the mines from the savages, the date of confirmation by the Spaniards, and the extent of the grant, that a copy of the grant is in Mr. Soulard's office in St. Louis; that in extent it was 28 or 27 leagues long, and from one to three broad; that 75 per cent of the mineral is lead, that from 20 to 40,000 pounds of lead was made per annum, all in pigs, that he manufactured neither bar, sheet-lead, nor shot, and that he had seen some copper, but having no person sufficiently acquainted with chemistry to make the proper experiment he could not say as to the proportion it bore to the lead.

Dined with Mr. Dubuque, who informed me that the Sioux and Sauteurs (Chippeways) were as warmly engaged in opposition as ever; that not long since the former killed 15 Sauteurs, who on the 10th August in return killed 10 Sioux at the entrance of the St. Peters; and that a war-party of Sacs, Reynards, and Puants, of 200 warriors, had embarked on an expedition against the Sauteurs, but the chief having an unfavorable dream had persuaded them to return, and I would meet them on my voyage.

At this place I was introduced to a chief called the Raven of the Reynards. He made a flowery speech which I answered in few words, accompanied by a small present.

I had given up all hopes of my two men, and was about to embark, when a peroque arrived in which they were, with a Mr. Blondeau and two Indians, whom that gentleman had engaged above the rapids of Rock River. The two soldiers had been six days without any thing to eat except muscles, when they met Mr. Aird, by whose humanity and attention their strength and spirits were in a measure restored, and they were enabled to reach the Reynard village where they met Mr. Blondeau. I discharged the hire of the Indians, and gave Mr. B. a passage to Prairie du Chien. Left the lead mines at 4 o'clock. Distance 25 miles.

*Sept. 2d.*—After making two short reaches, we commenced one, 30 miles in length; the wind serving, we just made it, and encamped on the east side opposite the mouth of the Turkey river. In the course of the day we landed to shoot pigeons; the moment a gun was fired, some Indians on the shore above us ran down and put off in their perouques; upon which Mr. Blondeau informed me that the women and children were frightened at the name of an American boat, and that the men held us in great respect, conceiving us quarrelsome, brave, and very much for war. This information I used as prudence suggested. We stopt at an encampment about three miles below the town, where they gave us some excellent plums. They despatched a peroque to the village to give notice of our arrival. Distance 40 miles.

*Sept. 3d.*—Embarked at a pretty early hour; met two perouques of family Indians; they asked Mr. Blondeau, "if we were for war, or going to war?" I now experienced the good effect of having some person on board who could speak their language; for they presented me with three pair of ducks, and venison sufficient for all our crew, one day; in return, I made them some trifling presents. Afterwards met two perouques, carrying some of the warriors spoken of on the 1st inst. They kept at a distance until



spoken to by Mr. Blondeau, when they informed him that their party had proceeded up as high as Lake Pepin, without effecting anything.

It is surprising what a dread the Indians in this quarter have of the Americans. I have often seen them go round islands to avoid meeting my boat. It appears that the traders have taken pains to impress upon the minds of the savages the idea of our being a vindictive, ferocious and war-like people. This impression was perhaps made with no good intention; but when they find that our conduct towards them is guided by magnanimity and justice, instead of operating in an injurious manner, it will have the effect to make them reverence at the same time they fear us. Distance 25 miles.

*Sept. 4th.*—Breakfasted just below the Ouisconsin (Wisconsin river). Arrived at Prairie des Chiens about 11 o'clock, took quarters at Captain Fisher's (captain of militia and justice of the peace) and were politely received by him and Mr. Frazer.

*Sept. 5th.*—Embarked about half-past ten o'clock in a Schenectady boat, to go to the mouth of the Wisconsin, in order to take the latitude, and look at the situation of the adjacent hills for a post, accompanied by Judge Fisher, Mr. Frazer, and Mr. Woods. We ascended the hill on the west side of the Mississippi, and made choice of a spot which I thought most eligible, being level on the top, having a spring in the rear, and commanding a view of the country around (site of the city of McGregor). A shower came on, and we returned to the village, without having ascended the Wisconsin. Marked four trees with A, B, C, D, and squared the sides of one in the centre.

*Sept. 6th.*—Had a small council with the Puants, and a chief of the Lower band of the Sioux. Visited and laid out a position for a post on a hill called the *Petit Gris*, on the Wisconsin, about three miles above its mouth. The Puants never have any white interpreters, nor have the Fols Avoine nation (Menomonees). In my council, I spoke to a Frenchman, he to a Sioux, who interpreted to some of the Puants.

*Sept. 7th.*—My men beat all the villagers jumping and hopping.

*Sunday, Sept. 8th.*—Embarked at half-past 11 o'clock in two batteaux; wind fair and fresh; embarrassed and cramped in my new boats with provision and baggage. I embarked two interpreters, Pierre Rosseau, to perform the whole voyage; Joseph Reinulle, paid by Mr. Frazer to accompany me as high as the Falls of St. Anthony. Mr. Frazer is a young gentleman, born in Vermont, but has latterly resided in Canada, clerk to Mr. Blakely, of Montreal. I am much indebted to the attention of this gentleman; he procured for me every thing in his power that I stood in need of; dispatched his bark canoes, and remained himself to go with me. His design was to winter with some of the Sioux bands. We sailed well, came 18 miles and encamped on the west bank.

I must not omit to bear testimony to the politeness of all the principal inhabitants of the village. There is however a material distinction in the nature of those attentions: the kindness of the Americans, Messrs. Fisher,

Frazer, and Woods, seemed the spontaneous effusions of good will and partiality to their countrymen; it extended to the accommodation, convenience, exercises, and pastimes of my men, and, whenever they proved superior to the French, they showed their pleasure. But the French Canadians appeared attentive rather from their natural good manners than sincere friendship; however it produced from them the same effect that natural good will did in the others.

*Sept. 9th.*—Embarked early; dined at Cape Garlic, or Garlic river, after which we came to an island on the east side, about five miles below the river Iowa (Upper Iowa), and encamped. Rained before sunset. Distance 28 miles.

*Sept. 10th.*—Rain continuing, we remained at camp. Having shot at some pigeons, the report was heard at the Sioux lodges (the same to whom I had spoken on the 6th at Prairie du Chien), when La Feuille sent down six of his young men to inform me that "he had waited three days with men, but last night they had began to drink, and he would receive me on the next day with his people sober." I returned answer that the season was advanced, and, if the rain ceased, I must go on. Mr. Frazer and the interpreter went home with the Indians. We embarked about 1 o'clock. Frazer returned, and informed me that the chief acquiesced in my reasons for pressing forward, and had prepared a pipe to present me, by way of letter, to show the Sioux above, with a message to inform them that I was a chief of their new father's, and that he wished me treated with friendship and respect. On our arrival opposite the lodges, the men were paraded on the bank with their guns in their hands. They saluted us with ball, with what might be termed three rounds; which I returned with three rounds from each boat with my blunderbusses. The Indians had all been drinking, and some of them tried to see how near the boat they could strike. They struck on every side of us. I landed, sword in hand and pistols in my belt. I was met on the bank by the chief, and invited to his lodge. As soon as my guards were formed and sentinels posted, I accompanied him. At the chief's lodge I found a clean mat and pillow for me to sit on, and the above-mentioned pipe on a pair of small crutches before me. The chief sat on my right, my interpreter and Mr. Frazer on my left. After smoking, the chief said "that notwithstanding he had seen me at the Prairie (Sept. 6th), he was happy to take me by the hand amongst his own people, and show his young men the respect due to their new father; that when at St. Louis in the spring his father had told him that if he looked down the river he would see one of his young warriors coming up. He now found it true, and he was happy to see me, who knew the Great Spirit was the father of all, both the white and the red people." He now presented me with a pipe to show to the Upper bands a token of our good understanding. He had provided something to eat, but, if I could not eat it, to give it to my young men.

I replied that although I had told him at the Prairie my business up the Mississippi, I would relate it to him again. I mentioned the different objects I had in view, the posts to be established, and above all, to make

peace between the Sioux and Sauteurs. I accepted his pipe with pleasure as a gift of a great man, "the chief of four bands."

I then eat of the dinner he had provided. It was very grateful. It was of wild rye and venison, of which I sent four bowls to my men. Afterwards I went to a dance which was attended with many curious manœuvres, men and women danced indiscriminately dressed in the gayest manner. Each had in hand a small skin of some description, and would run up, point their skin, and give a puff with their breath, when the person blown at, man or woman, would fall, and appear lifeless or in agony, but would recover slowly, rise, and join in the dance. This they called their medicine, or dance of religion. Not every person is admitted to the society; persons wishing to join must first make presents to the value of forty or fifty dollars, and then are admitted with great ceremony. I returned to my boat, sent for the chief and presented him with two carrots of tobacco, four knives, half a pound of vermilion, and one quart of salt. Mr. Frazer asked liberty to present them some rum; we made them up a keg between us of eight gallons, two gallons of whiskey. Soldiers were appointed to keep the crowd from my boats, who drove back men, women, and children when they came near. At my departure their soldiers said, "As I have shaken hands with their chief, they must shake hands with my soldiers;" in which request I willingly indulged them. We embarked about half-past 3 o'clock, came three miles, and encamped on the west side.

*Sept. 11th.*—Embarked at 7 o'clock; rain, and winds ahead and cold all day; supposed to have come 16 miles.

Lieutenant Pike had now passed the point where the northern boundary line of Iowa strikes the Mississippi. More than seven months elapsed before his return to this point. During those months he had overcome every obstacle to his Expedition. Upon the closing of the Mississippi by ice, he had marched seven hundred miles with eleven soldiers and an interpreter to the sources of the great river, "through as many hardships as almost any party of Americans ever experienced by cold and hunger." He had established over that vast region the authority of the United States, and supplanted the British flag, which he found flying at the posts of British traders, by the flag of the United States.

Descending the river in the spring of 1806, he was from the 16th to the 27th of April in retracing his voyage along what is now the eastern border of Iowa. The following extracts from his Journal cover this period:



*April 16th, 1806.*—Passed the prairie De Cross, and encamped on the west shore, a few hundred yards below where I had encamped on the tenth day of September in ascending. Killed a goose flying; shot at some pigeons at our camp, and was answered from behind an island with two guns; we returned them, and were replied to by two more. This day the trees appeared in bloom. Snow might still be seen on the sides of the hills. Distance 75 miles.

*April 17th.*—Put off early, and arrived at Wabasha's band at 11 o'clock, where I detained all day for him, but he alone of the hunters remained out all night. Left some powder and tobacco for him. The Sioux presented me with a kettle of boiled meat and a deer. I here received information that the Puants had killed some white men below.

*April 18th.*—Departed from our encampment very early; stopped to breakfast at the Painted Rock; arrived at the Prairie Des Chiens at 2 o'clock, and were received by crowds on the bank. Took up my quarters at Mr. Fisher's. A Mr. Jerreau, from Cahokia, is here, who embarks to-morrow for St. Louis. I wrote to General Wilkinson by him. I was called on by a number of chiefs, Reynards, Sioux of the Des Moyan, etc. The Winnebagos were here intending, as I was informed, to deliver some of the murderers to me. Received a great deal of news from the States and Europe, both civil and military.

*April 19th.*—Six canoes arrived from the upper part of St. Peter's with the Yanctong chiefs from the head of that river. Their appearance was indeed savage, much more so than any nation I have yet seen. Prepared my boat for sail. Gave notice to the Puants that I had business to do with them the next day. A band of the Gens Du Lac arrived. Took into my pay as interpreter Mr. Y. Reinville.

*Sunday, April 20th.*—Held a council with the Puant chiefs, and demanded of them the murderers of their nation; they required till to-morrow to consider of it; made a written demand of the magistrates to take depositions concerning the late murders. Had a private conversation with Wabasha. This afternoon they had a great game of the cross, on the prairie, between the Sioux on one side, and the Puants and Reynards on the other. The ball is made of some hard substance, covered with leather; the cross sticks are round and net work, with handles three feet long. The parties being ready, and bets to the amount sometimes of some thousand dollars agreed upon, the goals are set up on the prairie at the distance of half a mile. The ball is thrown up in the middle, and each party strives to drive it to the opposite goal; and when either party gains the first rubber, which is driving it quick round the post, the ball is again taken to the center, the ground changed, and the contest renewed; and this is continued until one side gains four times, which decides the bet.

It is an interesting sight to see two or three hundred naked savages contending on the plain who shall bear off the palm of victory, as he who drives the ball round the goal is much shouted at by his companions. It sometimes happens that one catches the ball in his racket, and depending on his speed endeavors to carry it to the goal, and, when he finds himself too

closely pursued, he hurls it with great force and dexterity to an amazing distance, where there are flankers of both parties ready to receive it; it seldom touches the ground, but is sometimes kept in the air for hours before either party can gain a victory. In the game which I witnessed the Sioux were victorious, more from their skill in throwing the ball than by their swiftness, for I thought the Puants and Reynards the swiftest runners.

*April 21st.*—Was sent for by La Feuille; in a long conversation he spoke of the general jealousy of his nation toward their chiefs; and although it might occasion some of the Sioux displeasure, he did not hesitate to declare that he looked on the Nez Corbeau as the man of most sense in their nation, and that it would be generally acceptable if he was reinstated in his rank. Upon my return I was sent for by the Red Thunder, chief of the Yanc-ton, the most savage band of the Sioux. He was prepared with the most elegant pipes and robes I ever saw; he said that white blood had never been shed in the village of the Yanc-ton, even when rum was permitted; that Mr. Murdoch Cameron arrived at his village last autumn, and he invited him to eat, gave him corn as a bird; that Cameron informed him of the prohibition of rum, and was the only person who afterwards sold it in the village. After this I held a council with the Puants. Spent the evening with Mr. Wilmot, one of the best informed and most gentlemanly men in the place.

*April 22d.*—Held a council with the Sioux and Puants; the latter delivered up their medals and flags (British).

*April 23d.*—After closing my accounts, at half-past 12 o'clock, left the Prairie; at the lower end of it was saluted by seventeen lodges of the Puants. Met a barge, by which I received a letter from my lady; further on, met one batteaux and one canoe of traders; passed one trader's camp. Arrived at Mr. Dubuque's at 10 o'clock at night; found traders encamped at the entrance with forty or fifty Indians; obtained some information from Mr. D. and requested him to write me on certain points. After we had boiled our victuals, I divided my men into four watches and put off, wind ahead. Observed for the first time half-formed leaves on the trees.

*April 24th.*—Used our oars until 10 o'clock, and then floated while breakfasting. At this time two barges, one bark and two wooden canoes passed us under full sail; by one I sent back a letter to Mr. Dubuque, that I had forgotten to deliver. Stopped at dark to cook supper, after which rowed under the windward shore, expecting we could make headway with four oars, wind very hard ahead; but were blown on the lee shore in a few moments, when all hands were summoned, and we again made with difficulty to windward; came to, placed one sentry on my bow, and all hands beside went to sleep. It rained; before morning, the water overflowed my bed in the bottom of the boat, having no cover or extra accommodation, as it might have retarded my voyage.

*April 25th.*—Obliged to unship our mast to prevent its rolling overboard with the swell. Passed the first Reynard village at 12 o'clock; counted eighteen lodges. Stopped at the prairie on the left, about the middle of the the rapids, where there is a beautiful cove or harbor. There were three

lodges of Indians here, but none of them came near us. Shortly after we had left this, observed a barge under sail, with the U. S. flag, which upon our being seen put to shore on the Big Island, about three miles above Stony river, where I also landed. It proved to be Captain Many, of the artillerists, who was in search of some Osage prisoners among the Sacs and Reynards. He informed me that at the village of Stony Point the Indians evinced a strong disposition to commit hostilities; that he was met at the mouth of the river by an old Indian who said that all the inhabitants of the village were in a state of intoxication, and advised him to go up alone. This advice he rejected, and when they arrived there they were saluted by the appellation of "Bloody Americans," who had killed such a person's father, such a person's mother, brother, etc. The women carried off the guns and other arms, and concealed them. He then crossed the river opposite to the village, and was followed by a number of Indians, with pistols under their blankets. They would listen to no conference relating to the delivery of the prisoners, but demanded why he wore a plume in his hat, and declared they looked on it as a mark of war, and immediately decorated themselves with raven's feathers, worn only in cases of hostility. We regretted that our orders would not permit our punishing the scoundrels, as by a *coup de main* we might easily have carried the village [These Indians were long known as the "British Band;" in the war of 1812 they sided with the British. Removed from their village to the west side of the Mississippi in 1831, they were the chief instigators of the Black Hawk war in 1832]. Gave Captain Many a note of introduction to Messrs. Fisher, Wilmot and Dubuque, and every information in my power. We sat up late conversing.

*April 26th.*—Capt. Many and myself took breakfast and embarked; Capt. Many under full sail. We descended by all the sinuosity of the shore to avoid the wind and the tremendous swell of the waves. Encamped on Grant's prairie, where we had encamped on the 25th August when ascending. There was one Indian and family present, to whom I gave some corn.

*Sunday, April 27th.*—It cleared off during the night. We embarked early, and came from eight or ten leagues above the river Iowa to the establishment at the lower Sac village by sundown, a distance of nearly 48 leagues. Here I met with Messrs Maxwell and Blondeau; took the deposition of the former on the subject of the Indians' intoxication at this place, for they were all drunk. They had stolen a horse from the establishment, and offered to bring it back for liquor, but laughed at them when offered a blanket and powder. Passed two canoes and two barges. At the establishment received two letters from Mrs. Pike, took with us Corporal Eddy and the other soldier whom Capt. Many had left. Rowed with four oars all night. A citizen took passage with me.

Lieutenant Pike reached St. Louis on the 30th of April after an absence of eight months and twenty-two days. The following extracts are from his "Observations" in the appendix to his Journal:



Deer are pretty numerous from the river De Moyer up. In ascending Iowa river thirty-six miles you come to a fork, the right branch of which is called Red Cedar river from the quantity of that wood on its banks; it is navigable for batteaux near 300 miles, where it branches out into three forks, called the Turkey's foot. Those forks shortly after lose themselves in Rice lakes. Between the Iowa river and Turkey river on the west you find the Wabisipinekan river. It coasts along the Red Cedar river in a parallel direction, and scarcely any wood on its banks. The next water met with was the Great Macoketh, and twenty leagues higher is the little river of the same name. These two rivers appear to approach each other, and have nothing remarkable excepting lead mines, which are *said* to be on their banks. Half a league up Turkey river, on the right bank, is the third village of the Reynards, at which place they raise sufficient corn to supply all the permanent and transient inhabitants of the Prairie des Chiens. From thence to the Ouisconsin the high hills are perceptible on both sides, but on the west almost border the river the whole distance. The Saques and Reynards formerly lived on the Ouisconsin, but were drove off by the Sauteaux (Chippeways). They were accustomed to raise a great deal of corn and beans, the soil being excellent. The present village of the Prairie des Chiens was first settled in the year 1783; the first settlers were Mr. Giard, Mr. Antaya, and Mr. Dubuque. The old village is about a mile below the present one, and had existed during the time the French possessed the country. It derives its name from a family of Reynards who formerly lived there, distinguished by the appellation of Dogs. The present village was settled under the English government, and the ground was purchased from the Reynard Indians. It consists of eighteen dwelling houses in two streets, in front of a small pond or marsh, and eight in the rear; part of the houses are framed; in place of weatherboarding, there are small logs let into mortises made in the uprights, joined close, daubed on the outside with clay, and handsomely white-washed within. The inside furniture of their houses is decent, and in those of the wealthy displays a degree of elegance and taste. There are eight houses scattered round the country; also on the west side of the Mississippi there are three houses, situated on a small stream called the Giard's river; making in the village and vicinity 37 houses, which it will not be too much to calculate at ten persons each, a population of 370; but this will not answer for the spring or autumn, as there are then at least 5 or 600 white persons. This is owing to the concourse of traders and their engagees from Michilimackinac and other parts, who make this their last stage, previous to launching into the savage wilderness. They again meet here in the spring on their return from their wintering grounds, accompanied by 3 or 400 Indians, when they hold a *fair*; the one disposes of remnants of goods, and the other reserved peltries. It is astonishing there are not more murders and affrays at this place, as there meets such a heterogenous mass to trade, the use of spirituous liquors being in no manner restricted; but since the American government has become known, such accidents are less frequent than formerly.

There are a few gentlemen residing at the Prairie des Chiens, and many

others claiming that appellation; but the rivalry of the Indian trade occasions them to be guilty of acts at their wintering grounds, which they would blush to be thought guilty of in a civilized world. Almost one-half of the inhabitants under twenty years have the blood of the aborigines in their veins.

From the village to Lake Pepin we have on the west shore first, Yellow river, of about 20 yards wide, bearing from the Mississippi nearly due west; second, the Iowa river, about 100 yards wide, bearing from the Mississippi about northwest. From the Iowa river to the head of Lake Pepin, the elk are the prevailing species of wild game, with some deer, and a few bear.

The first nation of Indians whom we met with in ascending the Mississippi were the Sauks. They hunt on the Mississippi and its confluent streams from the Illinois to the river Des Iowa, and on the plains west of them which border the Missouri. They are so perfectly consolidated with the Reynards that they scarcely can be termed a distinct nation; but recently there appears to be a schism between them; the latter not approving of the insolence and ill will which has marked the conduct of the former towards the U. S. on many late occurrences. They have for many years made war under the auspices of the Sioux on the Sauteaux, Osages, and Missouries; but as a peace has been made between them it would not be difficult to induce them to make a general peace, and pay greater attention to the cultivation of the earth, as they now raise a considerable quantity of corn, beans, and melons. The character they bear with their savage brethren is that they are more to be dreaded for deceit and inclination to stratagem than for open courage.

The Reynards are engaged in the same wars and have the same alliances as the Sauks, with whom they must be considered as indissoluble in war or peace. They hunt on both sides of the Mississippi from the Iowa river to a river of that name above Prairie Des Chiens. They raise a great quantity of corn, beans, and melons, the former in such quantities as to sell many hundred bushels per annum.

The Iowas reside on the rivers De Moyen and Iowa in two villages. They hunt on the west side of the Mississippi, the river De Moyen, and westward to the Missouri; their wars and alliances are the same as the Sauks and Reynards, under whose special protection they conceive themselves to be. They cultivate some corn, but not so much as the Sauks and Reynards. Their residence on the small streams in the rear of the Mississippi, out of the high road of commerce, renders them less civilized than those nations.

The Sauks, Reynards, and Iowas, since the treaty of the two former, Nov. 3, 1804, with the U. S., claim the land from the entrance of the Jaudioni on the west side of the Mississippi, up the latter river to the Upper Iowa, and westward to the Missouri, but the limits between themselves are undefined. All the land formerly claimed by those nations east of the Mississippi is now ceded to the U. S., but they reserved to themselves the privilege of hunting and residing on it as usual.

By killing the celebrated Sauk chief Pontiac, the Illinois, Cahokias, Kaskaskias and Piorias, kindled a war with the allied nations of Sauks and

Reynards, which has been the cause of the almost entire destruction of the former nations.

## RECAPITULATION.

Sauks, 700 warriors,	750 women,	1400 children,	2850 population.
Foxes, 400     "     "	500     "     "	850     "     "	1750     "     "
Iowas, 300     "     "	400     "     "	700     "     "	1400     "     "

## SOME PIONEER PREACHERS OF IOWA.

**I** HAVE had it in mind to write my recollections of those ministers who came on the advance wave of civilization into the wilderness of Iowa Territory where I, as a child, listened to their preaching.

In those days the groves and log cabins were "God's first temples," and the congregations were small, often consisting of two or three families, which, living within easy reach of the cabin of one of them, gathered together there with their little ones to "listen to the word." The minister on these occasions performed the duties of choir leader and choir, and having preached the morning sermon, all sat down to the rude table, upon which was placed by the kind-hearted hostess, a bounteous meal, which of all the meals of the week it was the best that the circumstances of the family could afford.

All this time the horses standing tied to the wagons were munching the green prairie grass which had been cut from a slough while on the way to this happy gathering.

The afternoon services over, there came the hand shakings, the invitations to "come and see us," the preacher made his appointment to preach next Sunday at some other cabin where all knew there was welcome and plenty to eat. The "good-byes" were said and each family hitching up its team tumbled the children in among the fresh prairie grass supplied by the host for the evening feed. All took their way straight across the prairie to their humble but happy pioneer homes. So many a Sunday was passed by the pioneer fathers and



mothers with their children in the happiest of social intercourse. The women exhibited their new dresses made of twenty-five cent calico, not after the "modes de Paris," but each dress fashioned after the maker's taste, who also was the wearer; they compared their children as to the industry and smartness which they individually evinced, and wondered, the good aspiring souls, what sphere of usefulness they each would fill in after life. These holy aspirations of the pioneer mothers, as looking into the bright and prosperous future with an inspiration more than prophetic, not only pointed the way to success for their children, but laid down the precepts of a successful life and set a most industrious daily example to them. Nor were these fond hopes, these most holy whispered prayers, for a successful, manly life for their offspring without avail, for I believe that no other pioneer community has ever surpassed them in giving to a state a more intelligent, patriotic body of citizens, and thus has the State of Iowa become a crown of glory to its pioneer mothers.

But I digress. Among the ministers to come early into the Iowa wilderness, preaching, was Francis Bowman. He was quite a young man, full of energy, and to him the infant capital of the Territory was indebted for its first Methodist Church. Mr. Bowman made a trip to the extreme eastern part of the United States, about 1840 or 41, as it seems to me, soliciting aid for the erection of this church, which now stands a monument to his energy. At that time I had an aunt, my mother's eldest sister, living in New York City. She, with her husband, was a devout Methodist, and after giving liberally of their means to the building fund for the church, she, the kind hearted soul, remembering the two little boys in my father's family, sent in Mr. Bowman's care, to them each a bright silver twenty-five cent piece. The minister soon after his arrival from his long journey came to my father's house to deliver messages from loving friends and relatives who, as it afterwards proved, had only a few years before bidden us a last and long farewell. He delivered the letters and messages,

and then produced the silver quarters, such money then very scarce, and quite a curiosity with us. Taking us upon his knees the coins were given to us with the loving words from the kind hearted donor to "be good boys and use the money well." The minister talked to us about the building of the church, the need of money, and soon so impressed our childish fancies that we donated the gift to the building, and thus became of the founders of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Iowa City.

Mr. Bowman married a niece of Mrs. Judge Hawkins, and after filling the pulpit of the new church for some time after its completion, he left Iowa City, and in after years became the founder of the Mount Vernon Methodist University, in Linn county. It is said that in 1843, during the excitement attending the "Millerite prophecies" to the effect that the world was about to come to an end through sudden destruction by fire, Mr. Bowman did not denounce these prophecies as false, but in his sermons bearing upon that subject contended that "*they might be true.*" Thus it was that he inaugurated and carried on for weeks the greatest revival meeting ever held in Iowa City. Nearly every body in the county joined the Methodist Church, including Tone Cole and Mrs. Dupont. John Powell, Mathew Teneyck, Towner Andrews, my father Captain Irish, and S. H. McCrory were not moved by the preacher's eloquence, and firmly withstood the attack of "Zion's battalions." I heard a pious, well-intending Methodist say that if Brother Bowman could get the above named incorrigibles into the church "he then would have completely conquered the devil's kingdom in Iowa City."

Among the first peripatetic Methodist preachers to come among us was a Mr. Taylor. He was a native of Virginia, and brought his family with him. He entered the lands afterwards owned by Mr. James Hill, at the place on the Dubuque road called the "Five Mile House," and lived there for a time. From his habit of shedding tears during his sermons he was given the soubriquet of "Weeping Jeremiah." He

afterwards improved a farm near Gower's Ferry, and I believe died in California.

But the leader of all the early circuit riders of the early times was "Father" Thompson, as he was familiarly called by all who knew him. He made his home in the beautiful grove on the Rochester road about three miles east of Iowa City, and here he reared his very large family. Father Thompson was a large hearted, kindly man, who by his genial manners became endeared to all who knew him. He was an inveterate horse trader, so it was his habit to start on his circuit with three or four extra horses, and many a time he would return with two or three head more than he took away; but success was not always on his side of the bargain. The writer once heard him relate that on one of these trips he met with a lot of Hoosiers who succeeded so well in deceiving him in the *swap* which took place, that he found himself minus four good horses, and instead, the unlucky possessor of two very vicious, but fine looking ones; one of these would kick and bite so savagely as to be decidedly dangerous, the other would balk so bad that "it would not pull an old hen off her nest," and if a harness was put upon it, that horse would not move ahead a rod a day; would refuse to go until the harness was taken off its back; under the saddle it was the same, so he "swapped" them off for a rifle and four calico handkerchiefs.

Preceding the advent of these "regular preachers," we had a class of irregulars, or "exhorters," as they were called. They, like St. John, went about the wilderness of groves and prairies, and would stop and preach to any family they might find domiciled in a cabin on their way. These preachers were men well along in years, had no fixed thoughts on religious subjects, but got off a sing song address containing many scriptural quotations. One of these wandering evangelists was murdered by the Indians quite early in the settlement of Johnson county. An account of this unprovoked murder will be found in early volumes of the Iowa Annals.

Another of this class was a disciple of Miller, and wandered



about the country preaching the final destruction of the world. This man's name was Click, and he was known as "Old Click." The people considered him crazy, and many were afraid of him, so his welcome was not as certain as that of the others. I well remember seeing him enter the Territorial Supreme Court room with his old black greasy bible under his arm; bareheaded he was, his long tangled gray hair hanging down over his shoulders, his clothing in tatters, but rudely mended; his manner that of great importance as he slowly marched up towards Judge Mason who was holding court. "Old Click" passed the barrier between the spectators and the lawyers, halted directly in front of the Judge, opening his bible he began, "A Prophet of the Lord has come—" "Marshal, take that man into custody and out of this court room," thundered the Judge, drowning the remainder of Click's sentence. My father, who was acting marshal, went to the "prophet of the Lord" and taking him by the arm led him out without trouble, the prophet making no resistance; leaving him outside, the marshal returned and reported to the Judge that the man was of unsound mind and that he would be responsible for his future actions, so the Judge paid no further attention to the matter.

My father always gave Click shelter and food when he came to our cabin, so the prophet had a revelation to the effect that he was, together with his family, one of the elect and would have a small fragment of undestroyed earth saved for his eternal abiding place.

I never knew what became of this poor old fellow, he may have perished by the wayside as did his Indian compeer, the "Prophet Cow-an-jutan," who was wandering about among the white settlements at the same time.

Another of these self-styled evangelists was an old man by the name of White. He always used the murder of the preacher, before spoken of, to arouse the tearful sympathy of his hearers. He often preached at my father's house and I have many times heard him descant upon that murder, which

he always did in crying tones and copious tears. "Now my bretheree-ee-n and sisters-s, I shall go to-to-morrow -o-ah across-across the gree-een prahrees on foot-ah and alone-ah, to preach the word-ah of the gospel-ah to the weeked and rebellious people-ah of Bloomington-ah. But it may-ah be that you will-ah never a-gin see see-ah poor old White-ah for-ah the woolves-ah-ah may pick-ah my poor old-ah bones on-ah on those beautiful-ah prahrees--ah and and-ah you will-a never see me any more-ah in this wicked-ah world-ah." This closing of his sermon he would wind up with a regular boo-hoo and sit down; often he would be joined in the lament by some of the females of his little congregation.

It was this preacher of whom I have heard Peter Roberts relate a funny incident attendant upon one of his sermons. It was at the time when the basement walls of the Capitol were up to the water table and the workmen had constructed sheds inside the walls under which to work at stone cutting and other occupations incident to the construction of the edifice then going on. These sheds were often used to hold public meetings under, and, indeed, I remember a fourth of July celebration held there once. Well, Mr. White had announced that he would hold "Divine Service" in the basement of the new Capitol on a certain Sunday. Mr. Roberts with a companion, seeing the notice, went up to hear him. They found him seated under the shed looking over his text, they took seats, and after awhile, no others coming, the preacher began the services, which included the usual preliminary prayers, and the lining out and singing of a hymn, the latter all by himself.

He then read his text and began on a sermon which was arranged in subjects all the way from "firstly up to sixteenthly." The sermon was a long one, and the preacher had proceeded as far as thirteenthly and the time about two o'clock, P. M., when in came Mr. Coe, to swell the congregation. The preacher paused while the new comer hunted up a slab out of which, with some rocks properly piled up, he

constructed for himself a seat; that being accomplished and Coe seated, the preacher announced that "for the benefit of the brother who has just come in I will repeat what I have said," which he proceeded to do from firstly on to sixteenthly concluding with a lined out hymn and benediction.

Mr. Roberts assured me that this account was no fiction and constituted the longest drawn out divine service that he had ever listened to.

I would like to give an account of the Rev. J. W. Brier, one of our pioneers in the Iowa garden, who with, his wife made the trip overland to California, starting in 1849. Their party unfortunately took the Southern trail from Salt Lake, and passed through the furnace of the then unknown Death Valley, losing all their outfit, many of their companions, and nearly all of their animals. It was to the hopefulness, courage and supreme physical power manifested in the slight form of Mrs. Brier, that any of them were saved. She was the only one, who in the last days of their sufferings, could arouse them and lead them on from the Valley of Death to the settlements of southern California. They now reside in the town of Lodi, in that State, enjoying the sunset of life, which with their experiences, is of itself a history of the privations, triumphs and joys of the lives of our illustrious pioneer fathers and mothers.

CHAS. W. IRISH.

*Washington, D.C., June 13th, 1894.*

## WILDS OF WESTERN IOWA.

BY REV. W. AVERY RICHARDS, LEHIGH, IOWA.

*(Continued from page 89, April, 1894.)*



MAJESTIC glory rests upon thy brow,  
Fit emblem of the wild old ocean thou.  
Thy vast, uneven surface (where are seen  
Ridges and mounds, while graceful thrown between  
Are valleys wide and basins large or small,



Variable and ever-varying all—  
The slow descending plain or bluffy steep,  
Shallow ravines, less shallow, then most deep),  
Bears striking semblance to the restless main,  
Whose waters seem a never-ending train  
Of ever-differing shapes and forms, from proud  
And tow'ring billow (which, like some great cloud,  
Rolls out majestically until it breaks  
A mass of tumbling fragments, then retakes  
A milder mood) to gently moving wave  
Which in its turn dies to a quiet, save  
Where now and then the little breezes dance  
On its smooth surface, leaving there, perchance,  
In ripples small, their tiny footprints gay,  
Like tracks of "little innocents" at play.  
Not so sublime, and yet transcending far  
The Ocean's charm in varied beauty, are  
All these dear graces which thyself adorn,  
Graces which, like God's mercies, every morn  
Are bright and new.

Here is thy waving grass,  
With which the gay winds sport, while as they pass  
They rock them in their airy cradle wild;  
As some fond mother rocks to sleep her child;  
And as the mother sings her baby song,  
So sing the winds the restless grass among.  
Sweet is this strain of Nature's song to me,  
And charmed I come to hear its melody;  
I come the health-restoring power to hail,  
Borne on the wings of every breeze or gale,  
And gladly quaff of Nature's cordial, bro't  
By Nature's messengers, who, quick as thought,  
Come hovering, like dear mercy angels now,  
Stoop in their flight to fan my fevered brow,  
Then kiss my pallid cheek and make it blush  
For joy—kiss it once more and lo! the flush  
That promises fond health returns again—  
Health which I elsewhere sought but sought in vain.  
And while I breathe this balmy air,  
With which all tinctured fumes cannot compare,  
And feel its sov'reign power, oh! how it sends  
New life and health to every part, and lends  
A mystic, magic skill to soothe and heal,  
Braces, invigorates, and makes me feel  
My former healthful, happy self again—  
Blow on, ye health-restoring breezes, then!

The boon of precious health on me conferred,  
 Blow on! and bless the many who have heard  
 Of thee, and seek thy proffered aid, so sure  
 And yet so free, and let them breathe thee, pure  
 As Ceylon's spicy air, or Sharon's dear  
 Inspiring breath, or that which blows where rear  
 The graceful heads of Carmel's lofty hill  
 And all the mounts of God; or 'long the rill  
 Of blessed Siloam, and e'en all the gay,  
 Delightful streams that find their murm'ring way  
 Where balmy fragrance lades the burdened gales  
 Of all the verdant, fruitful, charming vales,  
 In every bright and always lovely clime,  
 Or has, in all the mighty years of Time.

Here streams of rarest beauty course their way;  
 From meekest rill, all rippling on so gay,  
 To rivulet of broader deeper flow,  
 And on to rivers proud, majestic, where go  
 The ships of great and lesser burden, and,  
 Where once the Native rowed with skillful hand  
 His "dugout," or his lighter bark canoe,  
 All wild 'mid wildness, yet all happy too—  
 Alas! what changes have transpired since then!  
 Amid the skirting groves, on hill, in glen,  
 And all along each witching, winding stream,  
 In crowds the lawless Pioneers now teem;  
 Here they have mangled cruelly the wood,  
 And made them, right where charming Nature stood  
 (Throwing her out) their fields and dwelling place;  
 While shamefully their ruthless hands deface  
 The picture fair.

Oh how it grieves me now  
 To see the ruin they have wrought! I bow  
 In sadness, and I weep a bitter tear,  
 And sigh for days which can no more appear,  
 The days when lovely Nature, bright displayed,  
 Untrammelled all her charms, and met, arrayed  
 In bridal dress, the Summer fresh and fair  
 (The bride-groom), and the two were wedded there.  
 But let me scan the picture once again—  
 Ah! See! some beauties still for me remain,  
 And I am thankful—glad that towering high,  
 Uplifting till they almost touch the sky,  
 With crowns adorned—crowns which are fresh and green,  
 These old familiar ledges yet are seen;

And too, these deep, dark caverns all sublime  
 With wildness, and as old as aged Time  
 Himself; and even where Intrusion treads  
 And 'round his rubbish (called "improvements") spreads,  
 Some ling'ring, scattered traces still appear  
 Of what was once so lovely and so dear  
 To wild admirers who not long ago  
 Reared here the rustic wigwams, bent the bow.  
 And dangerous adventures all rehearsed.  
 As loudly out upon the forest burst,  
 While round their blazing fire they danced,  
 In seeming paradistic glory tranced,  
 Their rude but happy song.

Thus here they came.

And dwelt, found all so lovely and the same  
 Left all as they had found it, still a land  
 With beauty decked, but not by human hand;  
 So different from the way that white men find  
 And view, or haste ashamed, and leave behind,  
 Torn into fragments, all the beauteousness  
 Of which fair Nature makes a gorgeous dress.

'Tis here I love the little birds to greet,  
 And hear their songs, so simple and so sweet,  
 While lighting on some shrub or tuft of grass,  
 They seem with joy to hail me as they pass,  
 And pausing, serenade in charming way  
 Him who so gladly listens to their lay,  
 And find him talking with them now and then  
 Familiarly, but much in wonder, when  
 Calling these happy, innocent and lovely things,  
 They seem so shy, and plume their little wings  
 And fly away as if in great alarm,  
 E'en when he tells them that he means no harm,  
 And only wants that they should come and light  
 Upon his hands, to look into their ever bright  
 And shining eyes, or better hear the notes  
 Which now are streaming from their little throats  
 As gush the waters from the hillside spring,  
 And let him gladly, while they sweetly sing,  
 Drink in their flowing melody hard by  
 The fountain head, or let him ask them why  
 And then to whom they now their raptures swell—  
 But hush! I need not ask them this for well—  
 Had I but thought one moment more—I know  
 That they are happy—God hath made them so,



And grateful now their little voices raise  
Up to their Maker all their songs of praise.

And here is richly spread beneath my feet  
Thy floral carpeting, arrayed replete  
With myriad flowers, so beautiful and rare,  
Whose bounteous fragrance fills the air  
With sweet perfumes, while swift on every breeze  
To man they fly, his careworn soul to please,  
Inspiring in his heart, meanwhile, a love  
And reverence for Him who reigns above;  
And yet who clothes the little humble flower  
With beauteousness—this mystic, magic power  
The eye to please, the taste to satisfy,  
And raise man's noblest hallowed thoughts on high,  
From these to brighter things, by far, above,  
In mingled wonder adoration love.  
How nice this adaptation, clearly seen,  
And all by men so fondly felt between  
The things which truly giveth him delight,  
And the capacities by which he might  
Enjoy them; and enjoying love, adore  
Through charming nature Nature's God the more.  
Oh! "Fool" is he who saith "There is no God;  
When here, and everywhere that man hath trod,  
Yea where he hath not been, e'en where the eye  
By mightiest genius aided sweeps the sky,  
Beyond the power of flight by Nature given,  
And penetrates the hidden vault of heaven,  
The footprints of Almighty God appear;  
And every sound that strikes the eager ear,  
From lowest song by humble insect sung,  
The wond'rous myriad grades among,  
Up to the loudest thunderbolt on high,  
Resounding through the vast, unmeasured sky,  
Echoes the voice of the All-Father—One  
Who made and now upholds them on His throne.

And you, ye pretty ponds and charming lakes,  
Whose loveliness stirs all my soul, and wakes  
Another measure in my humble song—  
Oh, Harp, thy unpretending strains prolong!  
Sing of the tears which Ocean wept, when sad  
And slow, but with a firm majestic tread,  
He left his native place, and back in time  
Primeval, sought abode in distant clime.

These are the parks of Nature. Her own hand  
 Planted these trees which all promiscuous stand  
 (In Nature's order) but of elegance  
 Superior for this; no work of chance  
 Is here, but perfect harmony displays  
 The skill of Nature's Architect, arrays  
 In good, symmetrical proportions, all  
 Her works, while men devout before Him fall,  
 Acknowledging His wisdom, power.  
 But not alone is beauty seen above,  
 In spreading boughs, waving most gracefully—  
 The foliage of goodly cedar tree  
 And stately oak, or spreading elm, and linn,  
 And maple, willow and quivering aspen,  
 Which shakes and trembles in the wind, the air  
 Playing sportive with all—but everywhere  
 Around this dear old lake, made dearer by long  
 Acquaintance, and deserving more my song  
 For this but honest representative  
 Of most rare charms that captivate and give  
 My soul a dear delight, strengthen my love  
 Of Nature, and inspire the notes which move  
 Along each harpstring, for freedom struggling  
 Like some chained captive.

Gracefully the Spring  
 Adorns these banks and this wide-spreading lawn  
 With living beauties, which from early dawn  
 To closing hours of day I captivated view,  
 And 'mong which find my tried companions true  
 While long this "toe-path"—made in days of yore,  
 Made by wild, wand'ring savages before  
 The white man's footsteps here were seen—I tread  
 Advancing, by a strange enchantment led,  
 In strangest fascinations all profound,  
 Until I've reached this green and sightly mound,  
 Which overlooks where Okoboji lies,  
 Affording goodly prospect to mine eyes.

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## THE SIOUX INDIAN WAR.

BY SOLOMON R. FOOT, SAN PEDRO, CAL.

**N**EAR to the road leading from Forest City to Diamond and Green Lakes, Minnesota, was to be seen, a few years ago, a hollow two and a half feet in depth and eighty feet in circumference, having the appear-

ance of having been artificially constructed. To a person passing by this singular appearance on the level prairie, the question as to its origin would naturally arise: when and by whom was it made? If to one of the first settlers this inquiry was made, the reply was, "That was Thomas's potato cellar," so named because in it Mr. Thomas with his family and others, was corralled for protection against an attack made by the Sioux Indians, in August, 1862.

On the 19th of August, 1862, a young man was sent out from Forest City to notify the settlers at Diamond, Green, Norway and Eagle Lakes, of the outbreak of the Indians at the two agencies on the Minnesota River, that they had murdered the agent, teachers and missionaries, burned the government buildings, and were in small bands plundering and killing the people in the settlements. This report speedily circulated from house to house in the lake settlements. A few persons had some time previously, apprehensive of trouble from the Indians, agreed on a plan to assemble if any danger of the kind threatened to occur, and unitedly make a defense, or escape.

In addition to the first report, word came that Jones and Baker, two men well known, living at Acton, twelve miles distant, had been killed. It is impossible to describe the excitement of the panic created among the inhabitants as they hastily attached such horse and ox teams as were readily at hand, to wagons, loading into them a few household goods and clothing, and fled on the road to Forest City, and from there by the way of Kingston, to the Mississippi River, and towns in the interior of the state.

Persons unacquainted with frontier life, never having seen or experienced any of the effects of an Indian war, may have censured, as cowardly, the acts of such men as the four brothers Wheeler, and four brothers Tate, Masters (who had seen service as a soldier in the Mexican war), Harris, Gates, Watts, Delany, Sperry brothers, all robust strong men, the first pioneers of this section, for not making a stand, fortifying and

protecting their homes, instead of fleeing to and swelling the number of the panic-stricken people, hundreds of miles outside of the least danger of being molested. Such persons as would thus censure them should consider that they had a very limited number of guns, a small amount of ammunition, and were encumbered with terrified women and children. Even many of the men were no less frightened than the women, and they were liable at any moment to be attacked by a blood-thirsty, relentless foe, sparing none; or if making prisoners of any, reserving them for a worse fate than instant death. Flight was their most available means of safety.

In the mean time, the courier rode swiftly on to warn the inhabitants of Columbia, on the north of Green Lake, Norway Lake on the north, and Eagle Lake on the west. The few families at Columbia and vicinity hurriedly collected at the residence of Mr. Thomas, to consult on taking action for defense or escape. By the time they had here assembled, it was nearly night. Realizing that they could not reach any place for protection before the close of the day, and if attacked in the darkness, on the road, they would have no shelter for their women and children, they concluded to wait till the next day, at the house they were in, the roof and thin sided walls affording shelter, however inefficient in resisting the leaden hail from Indian guns; securing their teams as near to the house as possible, and making such arrangements for protection as limited means and material was available. The persons here congregated were Mr. Thomas, his wife and two children, Mr. Job. Burdick, his wife and two children, Mr. Adams; his wife and four children, Wm. Kouts, Silas Foot, his wife and five children, and three children of S. R. Foot, who lived six miles west at Eagle Lake. The eldest daughter of S. R. Foot was teaching a school in a house some eighty rods from the Thomas residence, a brother and sister of the teacher boarding with their uncle and attending school. I think that this was the first school west of Forest City. The people of the vicinity had built a school house and organized an inde-



pendent school in the spring prior to this time. The men at the house on the alert, listening for the report of a gun, or any noise that would indicate that Indians were in the country, and closely watching all the avenues of approach, discovered a person moving about the school house. It was so dark that they could not determine whether the person was a white man or an Indian. Two of the men proceeded to investigate. Arriving at the place they identified him to be a man who had been seen in the settlement some days previously, who apparently had no business, and when spoken with, his conversation implied that he was deranged, or foolish. Being asked what he was doing at the school house, he replied that he was going to sleep in the house. Questioned as to his business and where he was traveling to, his answers were evasive. The men at once suspicioned him to be a spy, in alliance with the Indians, and preceded them for the purpose of reporting by signal, or otherwise, the condition that the people were in to make a defense. They more readily came to this conclusion from it being a well known fact that outlawed vicious white men were living with the Yankton Sioux north and west of the Minnesota agencies, and the remark made by him a day or two before: "You settlers have some nice crops; my boys will be along and harvest them in a few days," words at the time uttered thought to be the ravings of a crazy man, but now recurring to mind more fully confirmed the impression that this man was an emissary of the savages. They made a prisoner of him, taking him to the house, placing him under the dining table in the room already crowded, and kept him under guard until the next day, when on further examination he was released. The women and children within, momentarily expecting to hear the terrific war whoop and the crash of the leaden missiles of death through the walls of the house, sleeplessly passed the night, the men on guard outside. The minutes seemed hours, and the hours endless. At the break of day, as the light in the east appeared, the greater were their fears. Knowing that an enemy had opportunity under

the cover of darkness to approach and unperceived select a position that commanded the house, from which they would fire on the guards in the morning light, the men with bated breath silently awaited the expected fusilade.

Time slowly passed, the sun in the east sent its rays of light over the prairie, the lakes and woodlands, cheering the people, and renewing their hopes of escape and safety. Hastily partaking of such food as they had brought from their homes, some of the men returned to their deserted houses to obtain bedding and clothing, and on going back made preparation to go to a place of protection, or to some town in the interior, leaving their stock and most of their effects at their deserted homes. Seeing teams and people approaching on the road, and cattle being driven with them, they ascertained them to be Bachland, Swanson and Peterson, who lived in the vicinity of Eagle Lake. Others of the party were from Norway Lake. They reported that they heard the firing of guns in the direction of Foot's, at the time they left home, and believed that Foot and those living near to him were all killed. This was sad intelligence to the young girl teacher and her brother and sister, who expected to see their parent with this party, as they drove up. The accession of this party and their report of supposed attack at Eagle Lake, accelerated the movement of those of the Thomas party. Forming teams in line, those from the house, in advance of the late arrival, choosing Kouts, Foot and Burdick to lead and conduct the whole, they proceeded on the road to Diamond Lake, Swanson, a Swede, of some fifty years of age, and Bachland, of about eighty years of age, also a Swede, father of John Bachland, who with his family was with the wagons, were driving the cattle in the rear. Arriving at Diamond Lake in less than the usual time of traveling that distance, for the fear of the people seemed to be participated in by their teams, they found the houses vacated and the inhabitants gone.

They drove rapidly on the road towards Forest City, closely scanning every bank of bushes and depression in the ground that would give concealment to an Indian.

They had proceeded a few miles, when, at some distance to the rear, they saw riding towards them mounted Indians, Calls were made to Swanson and Bachland, to leave the cattle and come to the wagons. The call was unheeded, the men persisting in driving up their cattle. Under the direction

of Job Burdick, who had seen service with trains on the plains, the teams and wagons were formed in a circle, the women and children placed within the enclosure of the wagons, and all commenced digging a hole in the ground, with axes and spades loosening the prairie sod and earth, women using pans, cups, anything, in excavating, and placing the earth on the outer edge of the circular pit, working for dear life. Soon they had an embankment around them that was a protection from gun shot and arrows while they lay or sat down. Kouts and Foot had rifles, others had shot guns, but there was little ammunition. From a bar of lead, two women with hammer and flat-iron, pounded into shape, balls and slugs to be used in the shot guns. In the meantime, the Indians rode up to the men, who were more intent on saving their cattle than their lives. One Indian leaping from his pony, swinging his battle ax, buried it into the brain of the old grey head of grandfather Bachland, felling him to the earth. Another rode up, and placing his gun near to Swanson, killed him instantly. Their families saw them murdered, but could not give them any assistance or any protection. Then the Indians rode at a safe distance beyond range of the men's rifles around the corralled wagons, and perceiving that the company within were prepared to give them a warm reception, if they were to come to close action, they went to an elevated rise of ground, overlooking the surroundings from which they fired on the corral, without effecting any damage, more than the disabling of one ox, the distance being such that the force of the balls was spent as they reached the wagons. A few shots were fired by Kouts and Foot, more in defiance than expectation of doing execution.

The Indians remounted their ponies, rode to the cattle that were feeding, shooting some of them, then went off to the north. The party in the corral concluded that they had gone for others and would return with additional numbers to again attack them. They put a man onto one of the two horses with instruction to ride to Forest City for assistance to come to their relief. The man on the way saw, or imagined he saw, Indians, became frightened, left the road, and rode his horse into a slough. His horse being mired and exhausted he left him, to make the balance of the way on foot, and got lost and did not reach the place until hours after the party he had left on the prairie arrived.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## WAR MEMORIES.

**I** BELIEVE the most beautiful and romantic military camp ever seen was that at Lake Providence, Louisiana, occupied by Crocker's Iowa Brigade in the spring of 1863. The army of the Tennessee was then gathered mostly at Young's Point, but the Iowa Brigade had been moved up to occupy the upper bank of Lake Providence.

This lake—bow-shaped in form, the lower side forming the bow—is about a mile in length and a quarter of a mile broad, with the shore of one end resting on the bank of the Mississippi and the other in a direction at right angles to the river.

About a mile below the lake, on the river, is the little town of Lake Providence, and above the lake on its upper or northerly border was the plantation of Mr. Sparrow, then a member of the Confederate States Senate, with its mansion, billiard hall, gardens, summer houses, negro quarters and negroes, all there except Mr. Sparrow himself. I recollect one day while we were there seeing an elderly lady and two young ladies together entering the mansion and soon afterwards depart, stepping into a boat waiting at the shore in which they were rowed across the lake. They were the Senator's wife and two daughters taking their last look at their old home.

General James B. McPherson, who commanded our army corps (the 17th), had his headquarters at the foot or westerly end of the lake on the opposite side from the Sparrow plantation, and Colonel M. M. Crocker, who had not yet been promoted to Brigadier General, but commanded the Iowa Brigade, had his headquarters in the Sparrow mansion.

To say that the members of the Iowa Brigade did not enjoy themselves rowing on the lake, playing billiards, fishing for loggerheads and bantering the "darkies," would be to misrepresent the facts of history. Any female relative or friend at home, whether wife, sister, or sweetheart, who spent her time bewailing in tears the privations of loved ones in Crocker-



er's Brigade at that time was simply performing unnecessary penance. A leave of absence had no fascination for any one there. Furloughs were below par and were not even quoted at "Exchange Place," which was around Crocker's headquarters, where rumors were swapped and stories exchanged.

It has often been reported before, and will therefore be no slander to reiterate here that Crocker, while being generally one of the most courteous and genial of men, had a cyclonic temper which was liable to break out at any time and cause wreckage. So that being regarded as a storm center his presence at headquarters was not always an attraction. But when Crocker had gone to bed up stairs it was a place for subdued conversation, and as Crocker on account of his consumption always kept stimulants, which were in the custody of his Adjutant Cadle, the long stem-winding watches of the night, as we sometimes called them, were often passed at this hospice, for the Adjutant was not the one to turn a poor soldier away with a pain in the stomach.

It was the last half of February, all of March and the first half of April that we spent at this charming camp, seeing the first willow buds break, the water lilies bloom, and inhaling the sweet odors of the spring floating across the lake.

It was while we were dreaming the spring days away at this elysian camp that a banquet was given one night, under Masonic auspices, on a commissary boat lying at the landing at Lake Providence.

Lieutenant Colonel Add. H. Sanders, of the 16th Iowa, presided at the banquet table as master of ceremonies. Among the prominent officers present was General John A. Logan, then commanding a Division in the 17th Corps. In announcing the toasts, Colonel Sanders, who never appeared to better advantage, soon came to one calling for a response by General Logan. Logan's long black hair, heavy drooping moustache, piercing black eyes, and erect, though short form, tended to impress one, and when he got well into the heart of his theme his clarion voice had an electrical effect.

Comparatively few of those called out were sufficiently practiced as speakers to trust themselves with extemporaneous responses. Sanders would adroitly take advantage of their silence to turn it to the account of merriment, saying that if the company knew the delinquent's condition as well as he did, or if they would consider the lateness of the hour, a reason would suggest itself for the failure of the response. These sallies would invariably elicit applause and renewed demands for the party who had been called upon. On total failure to secure a response from others, Sanders would call upon General Logan to supply the deficiency, which the General good-naturedly and eloquently did several times. Finally, the toast "The Private Soldier," was given. No response came, though several were called, the diffident banqueters not daring to trust themselves upon their legs. Then, again, Sanders called upon General Logan. After a little hesitation the swarthy soldier-orator rose to his feet, saying he had spoken to several toasts already, and he did not think it fair to call upon him to make all the responses. "But to respond to such a toast as the Private Soldier," said he, "I do not see how I or any one can decline." He then launched into such a eulogy of the man with the musket as is seldom heard, his address abounding with such fiery declamation as lumped the throat and sent cold chills down the back.

It was at this camp that Captain James Monroe Reid, of the 15th, distinguished himself as an amateur medical practitioner to the colored people of Sparrow's abandoned plantation. Captain Reid was the brother of Hugh T. Reid, the Colonel of the 15th Iowa, afterwards Brigadier General. To more definitely distinguish them Captain Reid was known by his middle name as Monroe Reid. If there is the least temptation for it one is sure to get a nick-name in the army. By an easy transition Monroe was corrupted to "Monkey," and so we had Captain "Monkey" Reid.

The poor colored people, whether sick or well, considered it a great boon to take medicine "like white folks," however

nauseous the dose. Captain Reid, to indulge his philanthropy or his love of the ludicrous, on one occasion got from the medical stores a bottle of castor oil, a part of which he administered to a complaining "contraband," and his celebrity in the healing art was at once established among the blacks, who importuned him from morning till night for medicine for all manner of ills, and invariably received the same oleaginous dose, only varying in size according to age or stomachic capacity. Major H. C. McArthur, of the same regiment as Reid's, has celebrated the medical exploits of Captain Reid in his verse, "Benny Havens," which he sings at every reunion of Crocker's Brigade:

"When we were at Lake Providence

"Cap. Reid was an M. D.,

"The darkies called him Doctor,

"And his advice was free.

"He physicked them for all disease,

"And made their big tears flow,

"And sent them full of castor oil

"To Benny Havens, O!"

The soil in the neighborhood of Lake Providence, like that generally of the "Coast," as the country bordering the lower Mississippi is called, is so wet that dead bodies cannot be buried in ordinary graves below the surface of the ground, and a sort of brick oven above ground is utilized for the repose of the dead. Such a grave containing the remains of a young man who had died of consumption eighteen years before, and which had been broken open, so that the face of the dead could be seen through the glass over the upper part of the casket, was one of the attractions of Lake Providence. The face looked as natural and as well preserved as if it had been buried only the day before, and the white starched collar appeared as if it had just come from the laundry. Many of the military visited the grave, which was regarded as a sort of museum of natural curiosities. Whenever a soldier felt moody, or weary of his luxurious surroundings at the camp he went down town and viewed "the dead man in the brick oven," for a change.

## DEATHS.

JESSE P. FARLEY, one of the most prominent men of the Northwest, and for whom the town of Farley was named, died at his home in Dubuque, May 7th, 1894.

THOMAS S. WILSON, whose adult life and personal history are contemporary and commingled with the history of Iowa since its early settlement, died at his home in Dubuque, May 16th, 1894, aged eighty-one years. Hewas one of the judges of the first Territorial Supreme Court of Iowa, by appointment of President Van Buren, came within one vote of an election as one of the first United States Senators from Iowa, and was District Judge from 1851 to 1863. He was attractive in social intercourse by reason of his facetious conversation and cordial manner. His address at the opening of the Supreme Court Room in the Capitol, at Des Moines, "Reminiscences of the Bench and Bar," was published in the April number of THE HISTORICAL RECORD for 1887.

MRS. WILLIAMS, widow of the late George H. Williams, who was United States Senator from Oregon, and Attorney General in the Cabinet of President Grant, died at her home in Portland, Oregon, April 18th, 1894. Mrs. Williams was at one time a conspicuous figure in Washington society while her husband was prominent there in the national councils. In the early history of Iowa they were residents of Keokuk, where they were married, and where they were as distinguished then locally as they were subsequently at the political metropolis—he as a lawyer and politician and she as a leader in the social sphere. Mrs. Williams was a native of Sheppardstown, Virginia, and was seventy-two years old.

FRANK HATTON, a prominent resident of Iowa from 1866 to 1881, died at Washington, D. C., April 30th, 1894. He was born in Cambridge, Ohio, April 28, 1846. While but a young boy, working in his father's printing office, the Cadiz, Ohio, *Republican*, at the beginning of the Rebellion, he



enlisted in the 98th Ohio regiment. In 1864 he was promoted lieutenant and transferred to the 184th Ohio, remaining in the army till the close of the struggle, his service being with the Army of the Cumberland. After the war, in 1866, he removed to Mount Pleasant, Iowa, with his father, who conducted the *Journal*. Upon the death of his father in 1869, he assumed control of the paper which he edited till 1874, when he removed to Burlington, and purchased the *Hawk-Eye*, with which he was identified till 1881. For the four years preceding this date he was postmaster at Burlington. In 1881 he was appointed First Assistant Postmaster General in the administration of President Garfield, and in the latter part of President Arthur's administration (October 14th, 1884), he was made Postmaster General. At the close of his official functions in 1885, he became the editor of the *Washington Post*, and was engaged in its management at the time of his death, which occurred from apoplexy after less than a week's illness. It is evident from this brief outline that Mr. Hatton was a man of patriotism, energy and varied ability, who exercised a wide scope of influence in Iowa and at Washington since the close of the war. He was buried at Rock Creek Cemetery, Washington.

MATTHEW M. TRUMBULL, a native of England, but a resident of Iowa, from 1847 to 1872, died in Chicago, May 10th, 1894. He went to the war from Clarksville, Butler County, as Captain of Company I, in the 3rd Iowa Infantry, of which he soon became Lieutenant Colonel, and afterwards organized the 9th Iowa Cavalry, of which he was commissioned Colonel. He had also served in the Mexican War. On the accession of General Grant to the Presidency, he appointed Trumbull, who had a personal acquaintance with him, Collector of Internal Revenue, at Dubuque. Having secured a competence Colonel Trumbull removed to Chicago, where he devoted himself to magazine literary work, discussing chiefly political questions of an economic character. His book, "The Free Trade Struggle in England" enlisted considerable public attention.

## NOTES.

WE are indebted to the kind recollection of Colonel Cornelius Cadle, the Recording Secretary, for a copy of his "Report of the Proceedings of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee at the twenty-fifth meeting held at Chicago, Ill., September 12th and 13th, 1893." This is a beautifully printed and bound book of 153 pages, and is not only a report of the twenty-fifth meeting, but is also a condensed history of the other twenty-four meetings, giving the names of all the officers of the society from the beginning down. The President of the society is General G. M. Dodge, of Iowa. The chief orator at the last meeting was General D. B. Henderson, of Iowa, and, paradoxical as it may appear at the first blush, his voice was raised for peace and against war. September 12th, in compliment to the military reunion, had been designated by the World's Fair management "Army of the Tennessee Day," and at Festival Hall, the eloquent speaker entered such a plea for peace as has seldom been made by a soldier. In its marches and battles the Army of the Tennessee was constantly affording surprises for an anxious world, as at Shiloh and Vicksburg, and it appears its store of "surprise boxes" is not yet exhausted, for this memorial remnant of that innumerable and resistless host, whether in oratory or finance is still full of marvels. Its orators declaim for peace, and, instead of being in debt, like most societies, it has a permanent fund of nearly twenty thousand dollars, twelve thousand dollars of which are invested in Government four per cent bonds, and fivethousand dollars, a bequest from a deceased member (Colonel L. M. Dayton), are equally well placed. The society will hold its meeting this year at Council Bluffs, Iowa.

MR. FOOT's article in this number, "The Sioux War," although not pertaining directly to Iowa, being Indian history, is none the less appropriate to the pages of THE RECORD.







*Samuel O. Silliman*